We tooke this Mattocke and this spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.
Chief.Watch. A great suspition, stay the Frier too, too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest?
Enter Capels.
Ca What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry to ward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
VVarme and new kild.
Ppin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder comes.
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughterd *Romeos* man,
VVith Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.
Enter Capulet and his Wife.
Ca. O heauen! O wife looke how our daughter bleedes!
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheath'd in my daughters bosome.
Wi. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now early downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
VVhat further woe conspires against my age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
Pri. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their
And then will I be generall
And lead you euen to death,
And let mischance be slaue
Bring forth the parties of s
Fri. I am the greatest abl
Yet most suspected as the t
Doth make against me of th
And heare I stand both to im
My selfe condemned, and m
Prin. Then say at once w
Frier. I will bee briefe fo
Is not so long as is a tedious
Romeo there dead, was husba
And she there dead, thats *Ro*
I married them, and their sto
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, who
Banisht the new-made Bride
For whom, and not for *Tiba*
You, to remoue that siege of
Betroth'd and would haue m
To County *Paris*. Then com
And with wild lookes bid m
To rid her from this second
Or in my Cell there would s
Then gaue I her (so tuterd b
A sleeping potion, which so
As I intended, for it wrough
The forme of death, meane
That he should hither come
To help to take her from her
Being the time the potions fo
But he which bore my letter
Was stayed by accident, and
Returned my letter back, the
At the prefixed hower of he

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